

MILLENNIAL

The Monthly Magazine on MORMONISM

STAR



Vol. 110, No. 12

December, 1948

About the Cover

“**C**OME UNTO ME,” the Saviour said.

No bells, no tinsel, no Christmas goose, no brightly-festooned tree attended the birth of the Christ child. Only a stable provided Him shelter. And his birth was a type of his life, humbly and simply lived, a life devoted to bringing the message of everlasting life to those who would follow in His footsteps.

Today men make his birthday an occasion for rejoicing, and rightly should it be so. But oft times the message of Christ is obscured through the blaze and fanfare of the merry-making which was first initiated in His honour. The gifts, the bells, the tree, the tinsel, and the goose take honour unto themselves.

But for those who listen closely, the greatest Christmas joy comes through heeding those words which still ring clear, though inaudible to many, through the din and confusion of a world far spent in the mad search for that which lies at its door: “Come unto me.”

Christmas Carol

With wond'ring awe
The wise men saw
The star in heaven springing;
And with delight
In peaceful night
They heard the angels singing.

By light of star
They travelled far,
To seek the lowly manger;
A humble bed
Wherein was laid
The wond'rous little Stranger.

And still is found,
The world around,
The old and hallowed story;
And still is sung,
In every tongue,
The angels' song of glory.

The heav'nly star
Its ray afar
On ev'ry land is throwing,
And shall not cease
Till holy peace
In all the earth is growing.

Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to his name!



The Significance of Christ's Advent

By Alma Sonne

European Mission President and
Assistant to the Council of the
Twelve



THE woman then left her water pot, and went her way into the city, and saith to the men, come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" (St. John 4: 28-29) The question propounded by this woman of Samaria is still alive in the modern world. There are those

who believe and accept, and there are those who deny His divinity. But the authoritativeness of Christ's message will always rest with those who believe and accept His divine Sonship.

The glorious advent of Jesus Christ, celebrated throughout Christendom, is an opportunity for all to examine and re-appraise their own lives in relation to that of the Master, Who lived and died for humanity. The hour has come for the rulers of nations in council to ponder with open minds Christ's formula for peace and good will. The threats of war are disturbing and perplexing the nations. Men's hearts are full of fear. The only solution which remains is to accept the leadership of the Prince of Peace and to subscribe to the teachings of doctrines of His Gospel.

Jesus began His public ministry by giving consideration to the individual seekers after truth. He answered their questions, healed their infirmities, restored their faith and mingled with them in friendly intercourse. He gave them evidence of His divinity. So powerful was the spell of His personality upon them that their lives were irrevocably changed. He encouraged the weak and the downtrodden. He brought comfort to the unfortunate.

"The meek," He said, "shall inherit the earth." Meekness is more powerful than pride and love is more effective than hate. "Love your enemies," He urged, "Do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that spitefully use you." When Peter resorted to the sword, he and the others were told that "all they that take up the sword shall perish by the sword." The fulfilment of this prophecy is recorded on the pages of history. Where are the great nations which flourished on either side of the Mediterranean Sea? They relied on war and conquest and, without an exception, they have reaped the whirlwind.

Love is constructive and positive; hate is destructive and negative. Hate has wrecked happy homes, divided communities, aroused suspicions, and scattered nations and races. The love which Jesus taught is as broad as the universe and embraces the entire human race. It reaches to the remotest parts of the earth. He exemplified the love of God Who gave His only begotten Son to redeem mankind. No one among the characters of history has given to men so many self-evident truths.

Jesus laid the foundation for an enduring civilisation based on freedom, equal rights and brotherhood. He taught the Fatherhood of God. That doctrine makes all men brothers. They are the sons of God and therefore the equals of kings and rulers. If one is more precious in the sight of God than another it is only because of his good



works and the extent to which he has manifested his love towards his fellow men. True democracy is a New Testament concept. It is a product of Christ's Gospel.

Sceptics and doubters deny His divinity and discount His claims. They disregard the solemn and fervent testimonies of His contemporaries. They explain away His miracles; they ignore the ancient prophecies concerning Him; they repudiate His resurrection and His atonement and reject the scriptural biographies of His life as submitted by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Yet, Jesus does not lack for admirers among scholars and thinkers. His life is singularly attractive. "For the man, Jesus, I have the highest admiration," said Colonel Robert G. Ingersol, gifted lecturer and agnostic, "but for Jesus as the Son of God, I will have nothing to do with Him." A similar estimate of Jesus Christ was made by the late H. G. Wells, an English writer of note. He was asked to submit six names of men who "stood on the corners of History," and who had wielded the greatest influence among men. He headed the list with the name, Jesus of Nazareth, but quickly retorted, "I am not a Christian; I am a writer of history." Surely, the things of God are known only by the spirit of God and "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by

the Holy Ghost." (I Cor. 12: 3)

Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God. He was so designated by those who knew Him best. The brief story of His life as told by his friends and associates is luminous and powerful. There is nothing more profound and penetrating in all literature than the simple narratives known as the Four Gospels. They testify unanimously regarding the miraculaus events which have set Him apart from all others. They have persented a character which could not and which cannot be fabricated by all the genius of man. Their declarations concerning Him are soul satisfying and convincing. No arguments will dislodge the Master from the high pinnacle where they placed Him. The miracles, the virgin birth, the future life, the resurrection and the divinity of Jesus Christ are stumbling blocks to the unbelieving but they constitute a deliverance from bondage and a hope for the future to those who "walk in the light as he is in the light." (I John 1: 17)

The central fact of Christianity has always been the resurrection of the Lord. It accounts for the zeal and enthusiasm of His representatives as they went forth to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom. These stalwart mes-

—continued on page 381

Christianity and the Progress of Man

By Robert E. Riggs

FEW places in the world today are not touched by the influence of Christ's message. Although His kingdom was "not of this world," the philosophy which He gave was calculated to best adapt His followers to the conditions of a practical, material world. The impact of Christianity upon the physical and social lives of men in far corners of the earth may be felt even where the spiritual power is denied.

His words were directed to individuals. It was his desire to develop within each of His followers a wholesome personality, open to the beauties of life. He, Himself, lived a full, well-rounded life. In time of rejoicing He was ready to rejoice also; in time of sorrow He sought to share the burden of grief. With His hands He laboured for His daily bread, a humble carpenter. And yet, withal, He was a scholar, for His choice knowledge of the Hebrew scriptures had come only through diligent study. The ways of nature were open to Him, as evidenced by the subjects of His parables—the sower, the fig tree, the mustard seed—and by His constant reference to the natural objects about Him.

A technical definition of a wholesome personality is one that is "balanced, integrated, and able to cope with any life situation." Let us see how the Gospel of Jesus Christ tends to develop that wholesome personality.

Any man who follows the example set by Christ need have no fear of becoming one-sided in his interests. Specifically, in these latter days, the Lord has given commandments that our knowledge should not be limited to the holy scriptures but should be gained as well from "all good books." That knowledge is also to be used intelligently. The slothful servant who did not increase all the talents given to him was cut off from the presence of his Master.

Christianity is not the philosophy of an idle dreamer or unbalanced fanatic. Paul, the tentmaker, proclaimed the practical nature of the Master's teaching forcefully: "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." (I Tim. 5: 8)

Having achieved varied abilities and interests sufficient for good balance, the individual must seek integration through proper direction of those interests and abilities. To be truly integrated he must find some means of binding them into a complete and unified whole. Possessing a clearly-defined purpose in life leads to this integration of personality.

Christ provided such a central purpose. No stronger motivation, no loftier goals, no more perfect unifying force can be found than those contained in the teachings of Jesus. He taught men to use their talents for the upbuilding of His Father's Kingdom, and He gave them definite instructions for doing it. Where is the man that can deny the efficacy of this integrating power?

While we may learn through scriptural records that the first two components of a wholesome personality—balance and integration—are provided in true Christianity, we may discover in the lives of men an undeniable testimony of the ability which it gives to "cope with any life situation."

Whenever servants of God have risen up to proclaim the teachings of Jesus in their purity, they have been presented with the most difficult of life situations. Martyrs in the primitive Church were unnumbered. Of the outstanding early exponents of Christianity—the ancient apostles—we have

some record. Every obstacle that man and the devil could raise against them was encountered, and even to the end they triumphed. Death was only a hollow victory for their adversaries.

Leaders in modern days have exhibited the same superhuman ability to cope with the problems with which they have been confronted. Consider the strength, the serenity of the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith as he turned voluntarily to submit himself into the hands of murderers: "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward all men."

A philosophy that can inspire the individual to his best efforts cannot fail to have an effect upon society as a whole. That the Gospel of Jesus Christ has influenced the masses of humanity we are all witnesses. Even through the darkest ages when His teachings were clouded by weakness and ignorance, their strength and vitality did not wholly cease to be operative. As a result the Christian nations of the world stand today as a symbol of man's highest progress in practical learning and material development. Though it may be debated by some, the believers on the name of Jesus, as compared with others, stand also on a plane where individual rights are held in high regard.

Why have the so-called heathen countries remained so far behind in the march of progress? Do they lack

the natural resources? Are they physically inferior? No—the reason might better be found in the comparative poverty of their religious philosophies. Although the doctrines of many great non-Christian religious teachers have many points in common with those of Jesus, the more vital elements of progress are missing. An old Korean Buddhist school teacher once explained that the things which went on in the world outside a man were of little concern to him. His great battle was within himself. The part truth of this philosophy can at once be discerned—but how evident is its incompleteness as manifested in the stagnant intellectual condition of the majority of eastern peoples! The Saviour taught men to look within themselves, yes, but also to develop their God-given talents through contact with the world, to master and subdue the forces of the earth, to become perfect even as their Father in Heaven was perfect!

True Christianity spells progress, spiritually and temporally. Wherever its dynamic influence has been operative, the world has moved forward and been made better. To the extent that people of the earth have put into practice the doctrines of the Messiah, so have they grown in light and truth and knowledge, which is to progress. The rise and fall of mankind has been and will continue to be contingent upon their adherence to or deviation from the Saviour's principles of eternal salvation.

EUROPEAN MISSION OFFICE HAS NEW ADDRESS

AS of November 20th, 1948, the address of the Headquarters of the European Mission will be:

President Alma Sonne,
89 Gloucester Terrace,
Lancaster Gate (Flat 8),
London, W.2, England.

The telephone number will be AMBassador 5126, and the telegraphic address remains EUROMISS LONDON.



The Story of The Other Wise Man

By Henry Van Dyke

IN the days when Augustus Caesar was master of many kings and Herod reigned in Jerusalem, there lived in the city of Ecbatana, among the mountains of Persia, a certain man named Artaban, the Median. His house stood close to the outermost of the seven walls which encircled the royal treasury. From his roof he could look over the rising battlements of black and white and crimson and blue and red and silver and gold, to the hill where the summer palace of the Parthian emperors glittered like a jewel in a sevenfold crown.

High above the trees a dim glow of light shone through the curtained arches of the upper chamber, where the master of the house was holding council with his friends.

He stood by the doorway to greet his guests—a tall, dark man of about forty years, with brilliant eyes set near together under his broad brow, and firm lines graven around his fine, thin lips; the brow of a dreamer and the mouth of a soldier, a man of sensitive feelings but inflexible will—one of those who, in whatever age they may live, are born for inward conflict and a life of quest.

"Welcome!" he said, in his low, pleasant voice, as one after another entered the room—"welcome." There were nine of the men, differing widely in age, but alike in the richness of their dress of many-coloured silks, and in the massive golden collars around their necks, marking them as Parthian nobles, and in winged circles of gold

resting upon their breasts, the sign of the followers of Zoroaster.

"You have come tonight," said he, looking around the circle, "at my call, as the faithful scholars of Zoroaster, to renew your worship and rekindle your faith in the God of Purity. Hear me then while I tell you of the new light and truth that have come to me through the most ancient of all signs—the stars.

"In the years that are lost in the past, long before our fathers came into the land of Babylon, there were wise men in Chaldea, from whom the first of the Magi learned the secret of the heavens. And of these Balaam, the Son of Beor, was one of the mightiest. Hear the words of his prophecy: 'There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall arise out of Israel.'

"My three companions among the Magi—Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar—and I have searched the ancient tablets of Chaldea and computed the time for this event. It falls in this year. We have studied the sky, and in the spring of the year we saw two of the greatest stars draw near together in the sign of the Fish, which is the house of the Hebrews. We also saw a new star there, which shone for one night and then vanished. Now again the two great planets are meeting. This night is their conjunction. My three brothers are watching at the ancient Temple of Seven Spheres, at Borsippa, in Babylonia, and I am watching here. If the star shines again, they will wait ten days for me at the temple, and then we will set out

together for Jerusalem, to see and worship the promised one who shall be born King of Israel. I believe the sign will come. I have made ready for the journey. I have sold my house and my possessions, and bought these three jewels—a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl—to carry them as tribute to the King. And I ask you to go with me on the pilgrimage, that we may have joy together in finding the Prince who is worthy to be served.”

While he was speaking he thrust his hand into the inmost fold of his girdle and drew out three great stones—one blue as a fragment of the night sky, one redder than a ray of sunrise, and one as pure as the peak of a snow mountain at twilight—and laid them on the outspread linen scrolls before him.

But his friends looked on with strange and alien eyes. A veil of doubt and mistrust came over their faces, like a fog creeping up from the marshes to hide the hills. They glanced at each other with looks of wonder and pity, as those who have listened to incredible sayings, the story of a wild vision, or the proposal of an impossible enterprise.

At last one said: “Artaban, this is a vain dream. It comes from too much looking upon the stars and the cherishing of lofty thoughts. It would be wiser to spend the time in gathering money for the new fire-temple at Chala. No king will ever rise from the broken race of Israel, and no end will ever come to the eternal strife of light and darkness. He who looks for it is a chaser of shadows. Farewell.”

And another said: “Artaban, I have no knowledge of these things, and my office as guardian of the royal treasure binds me here. The quest is not for me. But if thou must follow it, fare thee well.”

And another said: “In my house there sleeps a new bride, and I cannot leave her nor take her with me on this strange journey. This quest is not for

me. But may thy steps be prospered wherever thou goest. So farewell.”

And another said: “I am ill and unfit for hardship, but there is a man among my servants whom I will send with thee when thou goest, to bring me word how thou farest.”

But Abgarus, the oldest and the one who loved Artaban the best, lingered after the others had gone, and said, gravely: “My son, it may be that the light of truth is in this sign that has appeared in the skies, and then it will surely lead to the Prince and the mighty brightness. Or it may be that it is only a shadow of the light, and then he who follows it will have only a long pilgrimage and an empty search. But it is better to follow even the shadow of the best than to remain content with the worst. And those who would see wonderful things must often be ready to travel alone. I am too old for this journey, but my heart shall be a companion of the pilgrimage day and night, and I shall know the end of thy quest. Go in peace.”

So one by one they went out of the chamber, and Artaban was left in solitude. . . .

—continued on page 375



Jesus Was Humble

By Wallace G. Bennett

MEN aspire to power, riches, and fame. Those motivated by selfish ambition forget the declaration of Him whose influence has been most far reaching of any. Jesus said: "And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." From the time of His birth in Bethlehem until He "gave up the ghost" on the cross, Jesus taught humility by precept and example.

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, "Alpha and Omega," the greatest, wisest man who ever lived upon the earth, began His life among mortals in a humble stable. Few of God's children have entered the world in more humble circumstances than did His only begotten Son. The conditions of His birth were indicative of the humble life Jesus was to lead before returning to the Father from whence He came.

To be humble is to be meek and lowly, to have a contrite heart. In a religious sense it is to be receptive to God's spirit, and willing to put the promptings of the "Comforter" above personal, family, or worldly considerations. The Master has said that the meek "shall inherit the earth," and that the kingdom of heaven is for "the poor in spirit."

Jesus exhibited humility early in His ministry when He was tempted by Lucifer. The evil one showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the

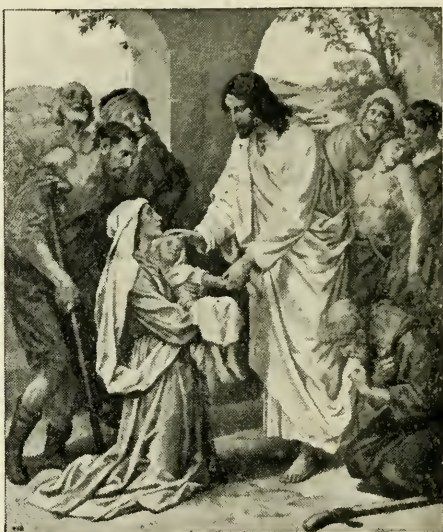
glory of them from a high mountain. He offered to give them all to Jesus, "If thou wilt fall down and worship me." How many men could resist the proposition? Many have been subjected to the devil by his promises. Yet Jesus resisted. There is no doubt that after fasting for forty days, Jesus was hungry. He knew that He could

have turned the stones to bread as the tempter suggested. Who but Jesus, with similar hunger and equal power, would have said: "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

A proud man wants the world to know when he does good to others. Jesus told men to give their alms in secret. It was His desire

that His healings should not be published among the people. In his first chapter Mark relates the healing of a leper by Christ. Jesus charged the leper, "Say nothing to any man; but go thy way." Like many others, he did not see fit to follow the Master's instructions. Even after raising a girl from the dead, Jesus told her astonished parents not to tell anyone. Being humble, He did not perform miracles for His own glory.

Though He was "the light of the world," He did not seek the things of the world. His recognition of His unique position makes His humility



all the more exemplary. Even the ordinary comforts did not seem to attract Him. He told a scribe desirous of following Him that "the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Joseph and Mary had to search for the manger in which He was born; Jesus perhaps had no better home than His birthplace throughout His ministry.

He was not impressed by riches and displays of wealth. He realized that worldly goods often deter one from God's ways. A young man who had kept the laws and c o m mandments from his youth up went away sorrowing when Jesus told him that to inherit eternal life he would have to sell all he had. Such humility is difficult to achieve for those who have amassed many worldly goods.

The instructions Jesus gave His apostles are in line with the life He led. He sent them out to preach His Gospel without purse or scrip. To do so required a humble reliance upon His promises.

Jesus loved children. Upon one occasion He rebuked His disciples for withholding the little ones from Him. The converted, who have become us little children, are those who may enter the kingdom of heaven. "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him

that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." (Matt. 18: 4-6)

Jesus once said that He could get more than twelve legions of angels from His Father, yet He considered Himself the servant of all. When His apostles tried to settle in strife who was the greatest, Jesus reminded them that "the chief . . . doth serve," and that "I am among you as he that serveth."

Jesus made bold and startling declarations concerning who He was. Some may say that He was egotistical, and might even agree with those who put Him to death that He was a blasphemer. But Jesus makes it clear, if we are to believe John's Gospel, that He said or did nothing for His own glory, but that of His Father. To the Jews He said, "If I honour myself, my honour is nothing . . ."

The doctrine He taught was new and strange to many. He did not claim the doctrine was His own, "but His that sent me." He proposed that if any desire to know if His doctrine was of God, the same should do His will. His humility is again shown to the Jews with this statement: "that he that seeketh his glory that sent him, the same is true."

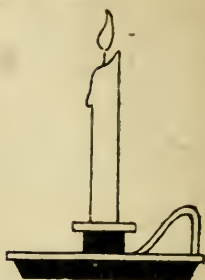
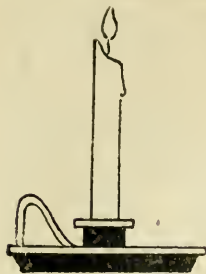
When approaching death He prayed in anguish throughout a long night. His utter selflessness is illustrated in his remarkable cry to His Father when the ordeal of crucifixion was nigh, "if thou be willing, remove this cup from

-continued on page 382



The Christmas Story

Faithfully recorded by
St. Matthew and St. Luke



THE world had long awaited a redeemer, a ruler who would bring a new way of life to the millions of its inhabitants who were bowed low under the burden of oppression. Slavery, accepted by most of the world, doomed from birth unnumbered multitudes to a life of abject servitude. War, famine, plague and pestilence took their unceasing toll in human lives and suffering.

Even greater than the physical need of better conditions was the need for a redeemer of the soul, one who would raise men from their spiritually impoverished condition to a higher concept of love toward God and fellow man. They needed light and truth by which to chart their lives. The gap separating them from the Kingdom of Heaven was broad, and most of all they needed a Saviour to bridge that gap.

Long promised He had been, and hourly expected. Some looked for a king who would be glorious by worldly standards, for had not the prophet said, ". . . the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end . . ."

A few looked with more discerning eyes to the advent of a king who would do a greater thing than alleviate the physical ills and sufferings of the human family. They looked for one who would bring the higher redemption, the spiritual rebirth.

Of all that looked to the future, hardly one comprehended the manner in which their desire must achieve fulfilment. Some had read in the scripture, "The Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel."

The place had been thus designated: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." It was to be in Bethlehem of Judea.

But little more did they know, not that the coming event had not been well heralded, but men were slow to hear, slow to hearken, and quick to doubt.

The time was fully ripe. No longer was the promised Saviour to be withheld. Unto the fulfilment of his word, the Lord sent an angel, Gabriel, "unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. . . ."

"And the angel said unto her, 'Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God. And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus.

"'He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob

forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.'

"Then said Mary unto the angel, 'How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?'"

"And the angel answered and said unto her, 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.' . . ."

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed . . . and Joseph . . . went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

"And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

Thus were the words of the prophets brought to pass.

Signs and wonders announced His coming, to a favoured few of the wise and the humble. Led by a star, wise men of the Magi came to Bethlehem seeking Him—Princes of the earth to worship the newly-born Prince of Men.



To lowly shepherds wonders even more glorious were shown, for "there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.'

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men.'"

The promised Redeemer had come.

And now, as thoughts turn heavenward with the coming of Christmas-tide, we may thrill again to that "old and hallowed story." With the angels, human hearts may ring in grateful praise, "Glory to God in the highest." For unto those who seek Him, the King, the Redeemer is come!



Silent Night

JOSEPH MÖHR

FRANZ GRÜBER

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm; all - is bright
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight!
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light,

Round you vir- gin moth-er and Child, Ho - ly In-fant, so ten-der
Glo-ries stream from heav-en a-far; Heavh-ly hosts sing Al - le -
Ra-diant beams from thy ho-ly face, With the dawn of re-deem-

and mild. Sleep in heav-en-ly peace; Sleep in heav-en-ly peace;
lu - ia; Christ, the Sav-ior, is born! Christ, the Sav-ior, is born!
ing grace, Je-sus, Lord, at thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at thy birth.

AS each Christmastide draws nigh,
we thrill anew to the sound of
Christmas carols. In the beautiful
melodies and inspiring words we find
expression of the joy and gladness that
most often dwells within us at this
season. For the story it tells and for
its uplifting strains which fall so
sweetly and gently on the ear, "Silent
Night" will hold its place among the
best loved carols of the world.



Joy to the World

ISAAC WATTS

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

1. Joy to the world, the Lord will come, And earth re-
 2. Re-joice! re-joice; when Je-sus reigns, And Saints their
 3. No more will sin and sor-row grow Nor thorns in
 4. Re-joice! re-joice, in the Most High! While Is-rael

ceive her King! Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room,
 songs em-ploy, While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 fest the ground; He'll come and make the bless-ings flow
 spreads a-broad, Like stars that glit-ter in the sky,

And Saints and an-gels sing, And Saints and an-gels
 Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat the sound-ing-
 Far as the curse was found Far as the curse was
 And ev-er wor-ship God, And ev-er wor-ship

And Saints and an-gels sing, And
 sing, And Saints and Saints and an-gels sing.
 joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy
 found Far as, far as the curse was found.
 God, And ev-er, and ev-er wor-ship God.

Saints and an-gels sing,

In 1830, an American, Lowell Mason, took phrases from "The Messiah" by Handel, a German, and welded them together with the joyous words of the Englishman Isaac Watts to form this universal carol, "Joy to the World."

Christmas, 1948 . . .

IN BRITAIN

AS I stand in the Denton Chapel alongside my American brothers, I will remember Christmas 1943, which was spent a long way from Manchester, in the beautiful city of Casablanca.

Also, I will remember my French host and hostess, Madame and Monsieur Angelour of Paris, Jacques of Lille, Noel of Lyons, and my companion Arthur from Bury, Lancashire. I will remember, too, the many "G.I.'s" I befriended from Texas, the Bronx, Rhode Island, Indiana, and California.

The memory of these places and people is very near and dear to me this Christmas of 1948.

Although there will be no copper-coloured sun to illuminate the Christmas tree, the same warm, sincere brotherhood will, nevertheless, prevail.

And I remember, too, that it is the teachings of Jesus Christ that makes this brotherhood possible: "Love ye one another."

The brotherly love and friendliness of that Christmas five years ago shall be well in my mind this feast time. I shall think of friends and places near and far, of the happiness these memories bring back and their message of brotherhood, which the world needs so much today.

—Albert Tatton,
Manchester, England.



IN THE UNITED STATES

AGAIN Christmas approaches, bringing with it the recollection of past festivities and making young and old alike look forward with renewed anticipation to this awaited season. Again, as in past years, I find myself inadequate to explain completely the joy, the sadness, the sacredness which makes this day the richest the year offers.

In this land of tangible abundance and elaborate observance, throngs will again shop for gifts; many, weary beyond need as they weigh, consider and question, will put foremost the value of their giving in terms of money.

Again, as when a child, my pleasure and excitement will be

boundless at the lights on the tree and the sparkling decorations. But as Wordsworth said, "The things which I have seen I now can see no more." That which made childhood Christmas complete—lights, Santa Claus, gifts—cannot suffice today. If the same full joy is to be found in adulthood, if we are not to become blinded by the brilliance of the lights or the costliness of gifts, there must be added a deeper appreciation of those who touch our lives and instil there love, confidence, and understanding. There must be an increased understanding of the simple greatness of that First Christmas—of the priceless gift brought by Him who came saying, "I am the Light of the World."

—Agnes Beecher,
Salt Lake City, Utah

IN GERMANY

CHRISTMAS 1948! There is a long way already between the end of the war and today. At that time we sat hungry and cold in cellars and air-raid shelters, entrusting ourselves and our children to the Lord's care. This hope for help was the only thing that shed some light into the darkness. In addition to the hunger and cold and fear was the knowledge that contact with the Church in Zion had been interrupted. Yes, even the simplest communication between the mission home and our branch had been cut off. What an emptiness! Our whole Christmas joy consisted of a tiny candle, carefully hidden behind the blacked-out windows. There was loneliness and sadness, the howling of a siren cutting suddenly into the Christmas story. There was danger, fear, and death.

Christmas 1948! Though planes still rumble over Berlin, now they carry food, not bombs. The flame in our hearts has been lighted anew. The world lives not yet in peace, but we Saints have found peace. Again we can meet together in the friendly meeting house and look into the kind, familiar faces of our brethren and sisters. We can admire the gaily decorated Christmas tree and behold the joy of the children. Again we can stand shoulder to shoulder with our loved ones and sing our beloved hymns. The Holy Night will burn down quietly just like that lonely little candle long ago in the air-raid shelter. And at least in our hearts the long sought after words will be fulfilled—"Peace on earth and good will toward all men."

—Ruth Lippke and
Erwin Lippke,
Berlin, Germany.



IN SWEDEN

CHRISTMAS 1948! After a hasty flight, my thoughts turn to the Christmases of my childhood, looking for my dear ones there, my wonderful mother and my good father.

My father, it was, who used to decorate our Christmas tree. One time he took my hand and said, "Can you see the great star highest in the top of the tree? That is the star which led the Three Wise Men to Christ, the King in the manger."

Time passed away, and I became a member of the Church of that King, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I recall, in the many years that

followed, I used to decorate our Christmas trees in the little branch of which I was a member. Each time, as I fastened the star high in the top, I could hear: "Can you see the great star? It was that star which led the Three Wise Men..."

How brightly that star shines yet today for those who seek its light, the star of truth and right which sheds its beam to guide the wanderers. It is that star which illuminated my way to the true Gospel of Jesus Christ. The same star is shining today perhaps more clearly than ever before.

This Christmas may we all pray that the world will be able to see its light.

—Vilma Lamberg,
Gothenberg, Sweden.



Peace in the

By

IN the second chapter of St. Matthew is recorded a visit of wise men who came seeking a king whose birth should be announced by a glorious new star. As the account states, they naturally went to the established rulers asking, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." There they found him not, for there was no peace nor righteous desire among those rulers. It was in a lowly manger that the Prince of Peace was found.

Since that humble event, the world has never broken entirely from His divine teachings. The star of hope has flickered at times and grown dim, but never has it gone wholly out. The Saviour's impression upon the world has been lasting.

Down through the centuries the star of Bethlehem has stood as a symbol of the desire for peace, of a desire for the true worship of the Master. It has always fortokened the time when strife should cease, a time when swords should be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks and the hearts of men should blend in love for

one another. It breathes a prophecy: "The heavenly star, its rays afar on every land is throwing, and shall not cease 'til holy peace in all the earth is growing."

But many have been led to wonder and to doubt that peace will ever reign supreme. Tumult rages in the world today, and strife is endless. Where is peace to be found?

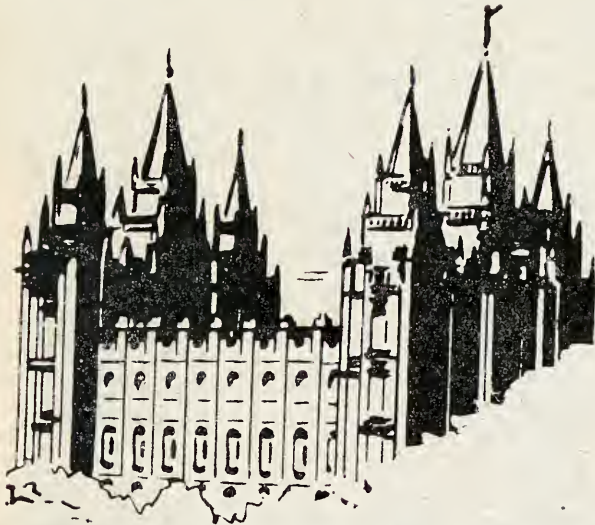
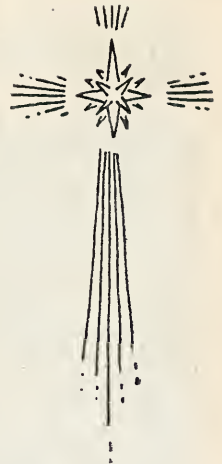
Over 1,900 years ago Jesus proclaimed to mankind the way in which peace could be found even in the midst of a contentious world. He said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." These fundamental truths have continually raised man's aspiration, and, working in the lives of men, they have laid the cornerstone of righteousness, which brings peace.

To reach a state of peace with one's Maker is a prize which each must gain for himself. It is out of the power of any man to place peace in the heart

Hearts of Men

y Selvoy J. Boyer

President of the British Mission



of another. To find the peace and hope longed for a man must search first within and about himself.

Free agency and peace go hand in hand. Only those who are willing to exercise this God-given principle in the right manner can inherit peace on earth and good will toward his fellow men. No man has been commanded to stir up hatred toward another. On the other hand men are commanded to respect all their fellows and do good to those who despitefully use them. Time and experience have proved that those who do justly, who are meek and lowly in heart, inherit the greatest blessings of the earth.

In closing the pages of individual effort upon the eventful year of 1948,

let us look hopefully and confidently toward 1949, always striving to enlarge and beautify our lives through unselfish service. Let us be actively engaged in a righteous cause, continually radiating the power of God in our actions and thoughts.

Quoting from President J. Reuben Clark: "God has placed in every man's heart a divine spark that never wholly goes out." This spark of the divine in each can be kept bright by service, and through it we may realise the hope voiced in the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Righteous living is the key to building with confidence in the future and to peace in the hearts of men.

Hosanna, Hosanna



Hosanna to His Name

Message from the Mission Presidency



★ ★ ★

AT this time of the year when we are so near to that day when we celebrate the birth of the Saviour, it would not be amiss to re-dedicate ourselves to the upholding of those principles which He taught and for the consumation of which He gave His life.

In the world today there are many contending theories as to exactly what the Master did teach. The Christian world as a whole practices His Gospel in the manner they think He should have taught it; Mormonism teaches Christianity solely and simply as it fell from His lips. Centuries after His death those teachings, and only those teachings, unchanged, and unmodified by men who think they can improve upon the Saviour's plan of salvation, are efficacious for the redemption of mankind.

To reach an agreement men must oftentimes compromise. Willingness to sacrifice for the good of others is a sound Christian tenet. But the truth can never be compromised and still remain the Gospel of Jesus Christ. If it is compromised and changed to suit the whims of men, its power to save is annulled.

Each individual has his own inter-

pretation of "the Christian way of life." Some individuals who would not dream of compromising one of the principles of the Gospel do not have the same aversion to compromising some of the practices which those principles involve. James hit hard at this type of conduct when he said, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." Since the time of James mankind has not changed so fundamentally that his words cannot apply today.

We are celebrating an event of extreme importance, an event most momentous, not only in the lives of Latter-day Saints but in the lives of all others who also worship Jesus Christ, the Son of God. But for us greater light has been shed upon His life and mission through modern-day prophets of God. For us there can be no compromise in principle or practice. We can pay no greater honour at this time to the Son of God than to re-dedicate our lives to the fulfilment of the true principles which He laid down.

SELVOY J. BOYER,
GEORGE F. POOLE,
LELAND W. RAWSON.

Announcing Contest Winners

THE Millennium Star takes great pleasure in announcing the winners in the Christmas Story and Poem Contest. The prize-winning story, "For All Their Sakes," which appears in this issue, was written by

Muriel Joy Fearnley

of the Bradford Branch.

"A Christmas Thought," the winning poem, written by

Gladys Quayle

of the Sunderland Branch, appears on the back cover of this issue.

These winners will receive a two-year subscription to the Millennium Star and a copy of the book by J. Reuben Clark, Jr., "Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?"

Second place winners are as follows:

Story Contest—"Silent Night," entered by Mrs. Ruth A. Christensen of Van Nuys, California.

Poem Contest—"How Great, the Echo of Christmas," entered by Michael Bennett, Birmingham Branch.

These two runners-up will be awarded a 12-month subscription to the Millennium Star.

Congratulations to these winners, and the sincere thanks of the Millennium Star go out to all those who accepted the invitation to enter in the contest.

Manuscripts will be returned only upon request.

★ ★ ★

Christmas Story Contest Winner

For All Their Sakes

By Muriel Joy Fearnley

IN the still evening air there was a sound of a "click" as the gate at the end of the drive rolled to and tenacled itself to its neighbour; then followed an audible "sniff" from the old person without the gate. Patrick Paynton stood with bowed head and a lump in his throat, and his gentle, sensitive old heart reflected on the last few minutes of time, wishing his duties were anything but that of village postman.

Slowly he moved away. His thick boots crunched a pace or two along the frosted, snowy path and paused again. He lifted his head to the early darkening sky where already a pale star or two had gathered like the tears in his eyes. He closed them in a little prayer, then took out his handkerchief and blew his nose with cold, fumbling fingers.

If anyone in the world would have wished to make every living soul rejoice on this festive season, it was Pat

Paynton, and here his generous heart had to be burdened with the knowledge that he had struck another kind soul a blow, unwittingly maybe, but his hand it was that had passed over the sad tidings.

He started again along the road that led to the village. So short a time ago he had travelled this road with mixed feelings, for a second time that day too, for this was an emergency. A telegram for Mr. and Mrs. Simonds would be so likely to contain the news that their son would be coming home at last. They had expected him for three years, and surely this would be it.

The home of the Simonds, "Kolob," as it was strangely called, stood alone, four miles from its neighbour, and Pat had no short journey. He increased his pace a little with an urgency to reach his own little domain where he

could relieve his troubled soul to "Mother" Paynton.

Thirty minutes later he came nigh the village, and the two bright eyes of his cottage windows presently beckoned him. His steps quickened in spite of weariness, and he crossed the garden path to the door. He lingered there, his hand on the handle while he half absently-mindedly scraped his shoes on the old iron scraper at the flagstone edge, sadness still furrowing his brow.

A warm glow and an appetizing smell greeted him as he opened the door but still did not penetrate his senses consciously until a familiar voice with a gently commanding tone forced his attention.

"Leave them big clompers by the door. I don't want dirty snow drippings on the new carpet." (The "new" carpet was twenty years new and was only displayed at Christmas time when all the bits of rugs and mats were hidden away mysteriously till the new year.)

Pat padded across the red and yellow roses to his slippers and sighed as he took his inviting arm chair. The deep sigh attracted Mother Paynton's critical gaze. She read trouble in her husband's face, but Mrs. Paynton, like many an old wife, had learned wisdom through experience and kept quiet until he had been served with a tempting dish of warm soup.

"Aye," she said when Pat had sampled a good portion, "'Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer.' No one should be sad and mournful I reckon."

Patrick just shook his head from side to side. "No, Mother," he replied to her, "no one should be, but there's folks that are"—and then he began to relate to her the sad news . . .

"... and I was saying to her, 'There'll be right now such a crowd of them all excitedly ready to start out

for 'Kolob,'" and she was slitting open the telegram with a questioning smile—I shall always see it—gathering like a sun beam at the corner of her mouth, and then vanishing in a queer, strangled cry. I could just stare at her, and she passed me the 'gram to read—Oh, Sar'ann, I felt like a man who had just plunged a knife—it said—"Experiment marvellously successful, but deeply regret, John died. Letter following."

Mrs. Paynton flopped down heavily on the chair opposite and stared at him, her eyes glistening suddenly. Then she leaned her elbow on the table edge and rested her head on her hand, covering her eyes with a sad gesture. After a few moments she lifted the corner of her apron, dried her eyes, and looked across at her husband. His face read worry and concern, and she forced a smile.

"Don't take on so, Patrick, it wasn't any of your blame. Anyone would think you'd killed poor John yourself, though it's mighty hard for Mrs. Simonds. She loved that lad so, a little more than the rest I used to think. We must pray for her that God will send her peace of soul in His own way, but He doesn't wish us to be full of woe all Christmas, Pat. We can keep it at the back of our minds with a prayer each time we remember. Though many folks forget it, this is the time to remind us of God's wonderful gift, His very own Son sent down amongst us so long ago—aye, and to suffer and die too, for all our sakes . . ."

Patrick sat quietly, and the words of his wife seemed to be writing themselves on his brain.

"'God's very own Son—to suffer and die for all our sakes...' Her son..." and he was lulled to sleep before the warm fire and his own reflections.

Mr. and Mrs. Simonds had a large family. Mrs. Simonds, Grandma Simonds, called them her "intelligences" to her husband, though she took care there was none around to hear.

They seemed to have all been endowed with a fair share of sagacity and had mostly made a mark in the world one way or another.

All but the youngest three had left the old home surroundings and had their own place of abode near or far with their families. Mrs. Simonds would say she couldn't count all their offspring, but of course she could and knew and loved each one. The whole family was bound rather uniquely by a great affection.

Each year on Christmas morning, cars, privately owned or hired, rolled up to "Kolob" along the stretch of drive. Sounds of laughter, greetings, children's voices, and festive songs floated through the constantly opening doors, and delicious, savoury odours issued forth from the kitchen entrance.

When night came, music—beautiful entrancing strains of golden melody in song and instrument, rendered to perfection—came upon the stilly air to mingle with the sleeping trees and lull the feathered world.

Angels in heaven must surely have sung in unison, for it happened only on these divine occasions of the Saviour's birthday.

Of course, unfortunately, at times there were members of the family whom circumstances prevented being present. Virginia and her husband, for instance, had been on the continent last year to attend their daughter's debut.

Then there was John, Dr. John, who had gone out to West Equatorial Africa with a passion to find a cure for malaria. He and his colleagues, after untiring research, had worked out a theory that in its last stages of testing required a human guinea pig—and John offered himself.

He had written his parents part of the true facts but did not wish to worry

them. . . . And John's life was given for the experiment's success. . . .

Just on the eve of Christmas Mrs. Simonds had received the tragic tidings from gentle Pat Paynton. Her heart was torn with anguish as she turned indoors to seek her husband.

"Peace and joy to all mankind," once long ago the angels sang. In the home of the Simonds rang the happy voices of children. Father and Mother kept a brave smile and spiritually sustained one another though they suffered in secret anguish of soul.

At night, gathered around a cheerful fire, the young ones away in bed, a song was suggested. Mother had been silently praying how best to tell them all.

Suddenly she raised her hand and turned to Alan, her second son, "No, dear, don't let's sing yet. Turn on the radio." Why she made the request she could not have told. Alan obeyed immediately.

Across the hushed party another song swelled forth infinitely sweet and dear—"God so loved the world . . . that He gave His only begotten Son . . ." and then a burden seemed to leave Mrs. Simonds as she heard, and she thought—

"God could give His son, so can I." Her grief found relief and she rose and crossed the room as all watched her. Then she gently turned off the dial—and told them.

★

In the cottage of Pat and Sar'ann Paynton the old couple listened also to the "Messiah" being rendered, and as the words Mrs. Simonds had heard were being sung, the wise old wife rested her hand on her husband's. "Listen," she said. "If Mrs. Simonds hears this in the way I do, then God has answered my prayers for her." And the old postman bowed his head understandingly.

THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN

—continued from page 369

Far over the eastern plain a white mist stretched like a lake. But where the distant peak of Zagros serrated the western horizon the sky was clear. Jupiter and Saturn rolled together like drops of lambent flame about to blend in one.

As Artaban watched them, behold, an azure spark was born out of the darkness beneath, rounding itself with purple splendours to a crimson sphere, and springing upward through rays of saffron and orange into a point of white radiance. Tiny and infinitely remote, yet perfect in every part, it pulsed in the enormous vault as if the three jewels in the Magian's breast had mingled and been transformed into a living heart of light.

He bowed his head. He covered his brow with his hands.

"It is the sign," he said. "The King is coming, and I will go to meet him."

All night long Vasda, the swiftest of Artaban's horses, had been waiting, saddled and bridled in her stall, pawing the ground impatiently, and shaking her bit as if she shared the eagerness of her master's purpose, though she knew not its meaning.

Before the birds had fully roused to their strong, high, joyful chant of morning song, before the white mist had begun to lift lazily from the plain, the other wise man was in the saddle, riding swiftly along the highroad, which skirted the base of Mount Orontes, westward.

At nightfall of the tenth day, Artaban arrived beneath the shattered walls of populous Babylon. Vasda was almost spent, and he would gladly have turned into the city to find rest and refreshment for himself and for her. But he knew that it was three hours' journey yet to the Temple of the Seven Spheres, and he must reach the place by midnight if he would find his comrades waiting. So he did not halt, but rode steadily across the stubble-fields.

A grove of date-palms made an island of gloom in the pale yellow sea. As she passed into the shadow Vasda slackened her pace, and began to pick her way more carefully.

She felt her steps before her delicately, carrying her head low, and sighing now and then with apprehension. At last she gave a quick breath of anxiety and dismay and stood stock-still, quivering in every muscle, before a dark object in the shadow of the last palm-tree.

Artaban dismounted. The dim starlight revealed the form of a man lying across the road. His humble dress and the outline of his haggard face showed that he was probably one of the poor Hebrew exiles who still dwelt in great numbers in the vicinity. His pallid skin, dry and yellow as parchment, bore the mark of the deadly fever which ravaged the marsh-lands in autumn. The chill of death was in his lean hand, and as Artaban released it the arm fell back inertly upon the motionless breast.

But, as he turned away, a long, faint, ghostly sigh came from the man's lips. The brown, bony fingers closed convulsively on the hem of the Magian's robe and held him fast.

Artaban's heart leaped to his throat, not with fear, but with a dumb resentment at the importunity of this blind delay.

How could he stay here in the darkness to minister to a dying stranger? What claim had this unknown fragment of human life upon his compassion or his service? If he lingered but for an hour he could hardly reach Borsippa at the appointed time. His companions would think he had given up the journey. They would go without him. He would lose his quest.

But if he went on now, the man would surely die. If he stayed, life might be restored. His spirit throbbed and fluttered with the urgency of the crisis. Should he risk the great re-

ward of his divine faith for the sake of a single deed of human love? Should he turn aside, if only for a moment, from the following of the star, to give a cup of cold water to a poor, perishing Hebrew?

"God of truth and purity," he prayed, "direct me in the holy path, the way of wisdom which Thou only knowest."

Then he turned back to the sick man. . . . Hour after hour he laboured as only a skilful healer of disease can do; and at last the man's strength returned; he sat up and looked about him.

"Who art thou?" he said, in the rude dialect of the country, "and why has thou brought me here to bring back my life?"

"I am Artaban the Magian, of the city of Ecbatana, and I am going to Jerusalem in search of one who is to be born King of the Jews, a great Prince and Deliverer of all men. I dare not delay any longer upon my journey, for the caravan that has waited for me may depart without me. But see, here is all that I have left of bread and wine, and here is a potion of healing herbs. When thy strength is restored thou canst find the dwellings of the Hebrews among the houses of Babylon."

The Jew raised his trembling hand solemnly to heaven.

"Now may the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob bless and prosper the journey of the merciful, and bring him in peace to his desired haven. But stay; I have nothing to give thee in return—only this—that I can tell thee where the Messiah must be sought. For our prophets have said that he should be born not in Jerusalem, but in Bethlehem of Judah. May the Lord bring thee in safety to that place, because thou has had pity upon the sick."

It was already long past midnight. Artaban rode in haste, and Vasda, restored by the brief rest, ran eagerly through the silent plain and swam the channels of the river. She put forth

the remnant of her strength, and fled over the ground like a gazelle.

But the first beam of the sun sent her shadow before her as she entered upon the final stadium of the journey, and the eyes of Artaban, anxiously scanning the great mound of Nimrod and the Temple of the Seven Spheres, could discern no trace of his friends.

At the edge of the terrace he saw a little cairn of broken bricks, and under them a piece of parchment. He caught it up and read: "We have waited past the midnight, and can delay no longer. We go to find the King. Follow us across the desert."

Artaban sat down upon the ground and covered his head in despair.

"How can I cross the desert," said he, "with no food and with a spent horse? I must return to Babylon, sell my sapphire, and buy a train of camels, and provision for the journey. I may never overtake my friends. Only God the merciful knows whether I shall not lose the sight of the King because I tarried to show mercy."

Artaban arrived at Bethlehem the third day after the three wise men had come to that place and had found Mary and Joseph, with the young child, Jesus, and had laid their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh at his feet. He drew near, weary, but full of hope, bearing his ruby and his pearl to offer to the King.

The streets of the village seemed to be deserted, and Artaban wondered whether the men had all gone up to the hill pastures to bring down their sheep. From the open door of a low stone cottage he heard the sound of a woman's voice singing softly. He entered and found a young mother hushing her baby to rest. She told him of the strangers from the Far East who had appeared in the village three days ago, and how they said that a star had guided them to the place where Joseph of Nazareth was lodging with his wife and her new-born child, and how they had paid reverence to the child and given him many rich gifts.

"But the man of Nazareth took the babe and his mother," she continued, "and fled away that same night secretly, and it was whispered that they were going far away to Egypt."

Artaban listened to her gentle, timid speech, and the child in her arms looked up in his face and smiled, stretching out its rosy hands to grasp at the winged circle of gold on his breast. His heart warmed to the touch.

"Might not this child have been the promised Prince?" he asked within himself, as he touched its soft cheek. "Kings have been born ere now in lowlier houses than this, and the favourite of the stars may rise even from a cottage. But it has not seemed good to the God of Wisdom to reward my search so soon and so easily. The one whom I seek has gone before me; and now I must follow the King to Egypt."

The young mother laid the babe in its cradle, and rose to minister to the wants of the strange guest that fate had brought into her house.

But suddenly there came the noise of a wild confusion and uproar in the streets of the village, a shrieking and wailing of women's voices, a clangour of brazen trumpets and a clashing of swords, and a desperate cry: "The soldiers of Herod! They are killing our children."

The young mother's face grew white with terror. She clasped her child to her bosom, and crouched motionless in the darkest corner of the room, covering him with the folds of her robe, lest he should wake and cry.

But Artaban went quickly and stood in the doorway of the house. His broad shoulders filled the portal from side to side, and the peak of his white cap all but touched the lintel.

The soldiers came hurrying down the street with bloody hands and dripping swords. At the sight of the stranger in his imposing dress they

hesitated with surprise. The captain of the band approached the threshold to thrust him aside. But Artaban did not stir. He held the soldier silently for an instant, and then said in a low voice:

"I am all alone in this place, and I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace."

He showed the ruby, glistening in the hollow of his hand like a great drop of blood.

The captain was amazed at the splendour of the gem. The pupils of his eyes expanded with desire, and the hard lines of greed wrinkled around his lips. He stretched out his hand and took the ruby.

"March on!" he cried to his men, "there is no child here. The house is still."

The clamour and clang of arms passed down the street as the headlong fury of the chase sweeps by the secret covert where the trembling deer is hidden. Artaban re-entered the cottage. He turned his face to the east and prayed:

"God of truth, forgive my sin! I have said the thing that is not, to save the life of a child. And two of my gifts are gone. I have spent for man that which was meant for God. Shall I ever be worthy to see the face of the King?"

But the voice of the woman weeping for joy in the shadow behind him, said very gently:

"Because thou hast saved the life of my little one, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

The years of Artaban were flowing very swiftly. Only here and there could a glimpse be caught of the river of his life shining through the shadows that concealed its course.

He was seen among the throngs of men in populous Egypt . . . under the spreading sycamore trees of Heliopolis, and beneath the walls of the Roman fortress of New Babylon beside the Nile . . . again at the foot of the pyramids, which lifted their sharp points into the intense saffron glow of the sunset sky, changeless monuments of the perishable glory and the imperishable hope of man . . .

And he was seen again in an obscure house of Alexandria, taking counsel with a Hebrew rabbi. The venerable man, bending over the rolls of parchment on which the prophecies of Israel were written, read aloud the pathetic words which foretold the sufferings of the promised Messiah—the despised and rejected of men, the man of sorrows and the acquaintance of grief.

“And remember, my son,” said he, fixing his deep-set eyes upon the face of Artaban, “the King whom you are seeking is not to be found in a palace, nor among the rich and powerful. If the light of the world and the glory of Israel had been appointed to come with the greatness of earthly splendour, it must have appeared long ago. For no son of Abraham will ever again rival the power which Joseph had in the palaces of Egypt, or the magnificence of Solomon throned between the lions in Jerusalem. But the light for which the world is waiting is a new light, the glory that shall rise out of patient and triumphant suffering. And the kingdom which is to be established forever is a new kingdom, the royalty of perfect and unconquerable love.

“I do not know how this shall come to pass, nor how the turbulent kings and peoples of earth shall be brought to acknowledge the Messiah and pay homage to Him. But this I know. Those who seek Him will do well to look among the poor and the lowly, the sorrowful and the oppressed.”

So the other wise man was seen again and again, travelling from place to place, searching among the people of the dispersion, with whom the little family from Bethlehem might, per-

haps, have found a refuge. He passed through countries where famine lay heavy upon the land and the poor were crying for bread. He made his dwelling in plague-stricken cities where the sick were languishing in the bitter companionship of helpless misery. He visited the oppressed and the afflicted in the gloom of subterranean prisons, and the crowded wretchedness of slave-markets, and the weary toil of galley-ships. In all this populous and intricate world of anguish, though he found none to worship, he found many to help. He fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and healed the sick, and comforted the captive; and his years went by more swiftly than the weaver's shuttle that flashes back and forth through the loom while the web grows and the invisible pattern is completed.

Three-and-thirty years of the life of Artaban had passed away, and he still a pilgrim, and a seeker after light. His hair, once darker than the cliffs of Zagros, was now white as the wintry snow that covered them. His eyes, that once flashed like flames of fire, were dull as embers smouldering among the ashes. Worn and weary, and ready to die, but still looking for the King, he had come for the last time to Jerusalem. He had often visited the holy city before, and had searched through all its lanes and crowded hovels and black prisons without finding any trace of the family of Nazarenes who had fled from Bethlehem long ago. But now it seemed as if he must make one more effort, and something whispered in his heart that, at last, he might succeed.

It was the season of the Passover. The city was thronged with strangers. The children of Israel, scattered in far lands all over the world, had returned to the Temple for the great feast, and there had been a confusion of tongues in the narrow streets for many days.

But on this day there was a singular agitation visible in the multitude. The sky was veiled with a portentous gloom, and the currents of excitement seemed to flash through the crowd like

the thrill which shakes the forest on the eve of a storm. A secret tide was sweeping them all one way. The clatter of sandals, and the soft, thick sound of thousands of bare feet shuffling over the stones, flowed unceasingly along the street that leads to the Damascus gate.

Artaban joined company with a group of people from his own country, Parthian Jews who had come up to keep the Passover, and inquired of them the cause of the tumult, and where they were going.

"We are going," they answered, "to the place called Golgotha, outside the city walls, where there is to be an execution. Have you not heard what has happened? Two famous robbers are to be crucified, and with them another, called Jesus of Nazareth, a man who has done many wonderful works among the people, so that they love him greatly. But the priests and elders have said that he must die, because he gave himself out to be the Son of God. And Pilate has sent him to the cross because he said that he was the 'King of the Jews.'"

How strangely these familiar words fell upon the tired heart of Artaban! They had led him for a lifetime over land and sea. And now they came to him darkly and mysteriously like a message of despair. The King had arisen, but He had been denied and cast out. He was about to perish. Perhaps He was already dying. Could it be the same who had been born in Bethlehem thirty-three years ago, at whose birth the star had appeared in heaven, and of whose coming the prophets had spoken?

Artaban's heart beat unsteadily with that troubled, doubtful apprehension which is the excitement of old age. But he said within himself: "The ways of God are stranger than the thoughts of men, and it may be that I shall find the King at last, in the hands of His enemies, and shall come in time to offer my pearl for His ransom before He dies."

So the old man followed the multitude with slow and painful steps to-

wards the Damascus gate of the city. Just beyond the entrance of the guard-house a troop of Macedonian soldiers came down the street, dragging a young girl with torn dress and dishevelled hair. As the Magian paused to look at her with compassion, she broke suddenly from the hands of her tormentors and threw herself at his feet, clasping him around the knees. She had seen his white cap and the winged circle on his breast.

"Have pity on me," she cried. "My father was a merchant of Parthia, but he is dead, and I am seized for his debts to be sold as a slave. Save me from worse than death."

Artaban trembled.

It was the old conflict in his soul, which had come to him in the palm-grove of Babylon and in the cottage at Bethlehem. Twice the gift which he had consecrated to the worship of religion had been drawn from his hand to the service of humanity. This was the third trial, the ultimate probation, the final and irrevocable choice.

Was it his great opportunity or his last temptation? He could not tell. One thing only was sure to his divided heart—to rescue this helpless girl would be a true deed of love. And is not love the light of the soul? He took the pearl from his bosom. Never had it seemed so luminous, so radiant, so full of tender, living lustre. He laid it in the hand of the slave.

"This is thy ransom, daughter. It is the last of my treasures which I kept for the King."

While he spoke the darkness of the sky thickened, and shuddering tremours ran through the earth, heaving convulsively like the breast of one who struggles with mighty grief.

The walls of the houses rocked to and fro. Stones were loosened and crashed into the street. Dust clouds filled the air. The soldiers fled in terror, reeling like drunken men. But Artaban and the girl whom he had ransomed crouched helpless beneath the wall of the Praetorium.

What had he to fear? What had he to live for? He had given away the last remnant of his tribute for the King. He had parted with the last hope of finding Him. The quest was over, and it had failed. But even in that thought, accepted and embraced, there was peace. It was not resignation. It was not submission. It was something more profound and searching. He knew that all was well, because he had done the best that he could, from day to day. He had been true to the light that had been given to him. He had looked for more. And if he had not found it, if a failure was all that came out of his life, doubtless that was the best that was possible. He had not seen the revelation of "life everlasting, incorruptible and immortal." But he knew that even if he could live his earthly life over again, it could not be otherwise than it had been.

One more lingering pulsation of the earthquake quivered through the ground. A heavy tile, shaken from the roof, fell and struck the old man on the temple. He lay breathless and pale, with his grey head resting on the young girl's shoulder, and the blood trickled from the wound. As she bent over him, fearing that he was dead, there came a voice through the twilight, very small and still, like music sounding from a distance, in which the

notes are clear but the words are lost. The girl turned to see if someone had spoken from the window above them, but she saw no one.

Then the old man's lips began to move, as if in answer, and she heard him say in the Parthian tongue:

"Not so, my Lord: For when saw I thee an hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger, and took thee in? Or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee? Three-and-thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King."

He ceased, and the sweet voice came again. And again the maid heard it, very faintly and far away. But now it seemed as though she understood the words:

"Verily I say unto thee, Inasmuch as thou has done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou has done it unto me."

A calm radiance of wonder and joy lighted the pale face of Artaban like the first ray of dawn on a snowy mountain-peak. One long, last breath of relief exhaled gently from his lips.

His journey was ended. His treasures were accepted. The Other Wise Man had found the King.

★ ★ ★

SCHEDULE OF SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES FOR AUXILIARY ORGANISATIONS

THE following is the schedule which has been approved by the Mission Presidency and the Mission Auxiliary Boards for Sunday evening services to be held in all branches on the first Sunday in each month of 1949:

January 2nd, 1948	- - -	Genealogy Department.
February 6th, 1948	- - -	Priesthood.
March 6th, 1948	- - -	Relief Society.
April 3rd, 1948	- - -	Mutual Improvement Association.
May 1st, 1948	- - -	Primary.
June 5th, 1948	- - -	Sunday School.
July 3rd, 1948	- - -	Priesthood.
August 7th, 1948	- - -	Primary.
September 4th, 1948	- - -	Genealogy Department.
October 2nd, 1948	- - -	Mutual Improvement Association.
November 6th, 1948	- - -	Relief Society.
December 4th, 1948	- - -	Sunday School.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRIST'S ADVENT

—continued from page 355

sengers of life and salvation, "endued with power from on high," preached everywhere the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead. From the standpoint of witnesses it is the best attested fact in religious history. Paul, the Apostle, capable, scholarly, and well trained, must have examined thoroughly and carefully every claim connected with the appearances of Jesus to His disciples after His death and burial. He summarized his conclusions as follows: "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." (I Cor. 15: 14) Paul, too, had seen the Risen Redeemer. It was the crucial fact around which his life and labours centered. It was the central theme of his writings, his sermons and his testimonies. It was the secret behind his wholehearted, persistent loyalty to his Lord and Master and to the cause which he proclaimed with such boldness and power. "I know whom I have believed," said this valiant servant of Christ, (II Tim. 4: 8) just prior to the condemnation which awaited him before the bar of Nero. One cannot easily ignore his life, his testimony, and the event which led to his conversion in establishing the divine mission of Jesus Christ and in searching out the significance of His earthly advent.

"I saw two Personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air," said Joseph Smith, the modern Prophet, in the year 1820. "One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other, 'This is my Beloved Son, hear Him!'" This modern declaration, published to the world in the blaze of the nineteenth century, confirms in every detail the testimonies of ancient Prophets and Apostles. The reception accorded this startling announcement is identical in all respects to that given the Prophets of old. It opened a new dispensation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—the same Gospel of salvation as was taught by Jesus and His Apostles in the meridian of time. It proclaims anew the dietyship of Jesus, the risen Saviour and Redeemer. He still lives to guide the destiny of His Church and Kingdom, restored, established, and existing upon the earth in our day. "This is the testimony, last of all, which we give of Him:" said Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and Sidney Rigdon, "That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father . . ." The real test of faith lay in the acceptance of His leadership and in the application of His Gospel restored to the earth through Joseph Smith, the Prophet of the latter days.

★ ★ ★

DISTRICT AND MISSION NEWS TO BE PUBLISHED IN JANUARY

ALL items which normally appear in the section of the *Millennial Star* headed, "British Mission," have been omitted to make this a special Christmas issue, and will appear in the January issue. It is requested that *Millennial Star* district reporters send in the current news as usual, to be incorporated with that not published this month.

★ ★ ★

RETURNED BRITISH MISSIONARY ORGANISATION

FOR the purpose of maintaining contact with companions of the mission field, an organisation has been set up with Mr. Melvin M. Owens, 348, South 9th West, Salt Lake City, Utah, as secretary.

If you are a returned British Missionary who has served in the field since the war, you can keep in touch with all your ex-missionary friends through this organisation. Annual re-unions and news-letters will be a part of the service. Write to Melvin Owens at the above address for particulars.

JESUS WAS HUMBLE

—continued from page 361

me; nevertheless not my will, but thine be done."

He did not show false pride in His ministry, nor before the Roman, Pilate, when on trial for His life. A less humble man might have argued with his accusers when faced with the emptiness of their accusations. Jesus did not argue. His humility did not make Him appear weak, but strong. His statement that His kingdom "is not of this world" was simply beyond their comprehension.

A proud, haughty man might have wished that his followers seek revenge upon those who put him to death. Jesus had only compassion for His murderers. He pleaded with His

Father to "forgive them for they know not what they do."

The Saviour, born in a lowly manger, lived simply and taught the virtue of humility during His advent among men. It may seem paradoxical that He should promise those with the faith of a mustard seed the power to move mountains, and to state that the meek shall inherit the earth. But His Gospel consistently teaches that the humble man, who trusts in the promises of His Maker, can overcome all things. His life attests to that fact.

There is great appeal in the verse in which Jesus acknowledges His own humility: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."



CHRISTMAS, 1948

—continued from page 367

IN AUSTRALIA

CHRISTMAS! That word is filled with tenderest memories, which instil peace and happiness into the hearts of all who accept as the Redeemer of the world, the Babe of Bethlehem.

This season is observed by all Christians throughout the world, but that which is greater than mere ceremonial observance is the keeping of Christmas and all that it means. The desire for peace throughout the world becomes greater among Christian people. Yet too many have forgotten the simple and humble way of bestowing gifts of love and kindness upon their fellowmen, thus losing the

spirit of Christmas.

My thoughts turn to glorious scenes of the first Christmas morn. Then childhood memories of Christmas rush in upon me—memories of bulging Christmas stockings, unbroken family gatherings, feasting and rejoicing together, all because of the Babe of Bethlehem and the significance of His mission as the Saviour of mankind.

To me Christmas means all of these things, these and many more. To some, unfortunately, this season is an excuse for coarse revelry, but the Christian heart enshrines in its depths and cherishes the true meaning of Christmas.

—Nell Nash, Australia.

IN FRANCE

It is Christmas Eve. The streets are deserted. The snow which falls softly and silently covers everything with a blanket of pure, peaceful whiteness. From time to time, someone passes in the street, hurrying to be home to eat the Christmas feast with the family. The sound of Christmas carols, "Il est né, le divin enfant," (He is born, the Christ-child), "Sainte nuit, douce nuit" (Holy night, silent night), are mingled with the happy cries of little children enjoying the toys they have received from the "Pere Noel" (Father Christmas).

Silently I approach a little house where I can see through the window a wonderful pine tree hung with many-coloured balls, sweets, and little candles with their flickering flames. Beneath the tree, three small children are playing. Now they stop and turn their faces upward toward the tree, seemingly enchanted by the greenness of the pine needles, the redness of the coloured balls, and the little orange

flames which dance at the top of the tiny candles.

In a corner of the room I discover father and mother watching contentedly as their children play. What a great impression of peace comes out of this room!

How wonderful it would be if this Christmas, 1948, all the nations and peoples of the world could know the peace which I find in the calm serenity of this family. And yet, unfortunately, this year, even more than other years, men seem to forget the teachings of Him whose birthday they commemorate: "Love one another as I have loved you." May the world some day understand where peace is to be found.

"Gloire a Dieu . . . et paix sur la terre . . ." (Glory to God . . . and peace on earth . . .). That will be the message of Christmas, 1948, as it has been the message of all Christmases that have come before.

—Anne Kayser,
Strasbourg, France.



IN ARGENTINA

SOON we will celebrate the birth of our Saviour, who loved us so that he laid down his life for us.

During my short life I have not been able to celebrate Christmas in accordance with the desires of my heart, but this year my hopes are fulfilled and my desires satisfied. I will never cease giving thanks to my Heavenly Father for the blessings that I have received: peace, welfare, joy, and above all the privilege of giving the "good news" of love, without rancour and with unselfish feelings toward all those who are seeking the truth, with a sincere heart and a fervent desire to be a faithful and worthy servant, as our Redeemer so taught us.

I have never seen in all of the years of the Argentine Mission a Christmas as promising as this one. Christmas Eve we will have a baptismal service; and in what better way could we show our thanksgiving better than to bring more souls into his fold?

I pray that hate, the passion which blinds the mind and heart and annuls the best thoughts and efforts, may never reign among us; so that we may receive Christmas with the most fervent desire for brotherhood, joining with the hosts of heaven singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

—Alicia Rosas de Meijome,
Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Christmas Time

AND numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide, in the restless struggle of life, are then reunited, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilised nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first days of a future state of existence, provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies Christmas-time awakens!

—Charles Dickens.

Solve Your Christmas Gift Problem
with Church Literature ! —————

**BRING A CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCE THE YEAR
AROUND BY GIVING A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE**

Millennial Star

7/6 PER YEAR

4/0 PER SIX MONTHS

TRY THESE BOOKS ALSO FROM THE
MISSION BOOK STORE

**"WIST YE NOT THAT I SHOULD BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S
BUSINESS ?" — — — — — 8/0**
by J. REUBEN CLARK

A scholarly treatment of Jesus' visit as a boy to the city of Jerusalem, with most informative background material on the habits and customs of the Jewish people at that time.

TEACHING AS THE DIRECTION OF ACTIVITIES — — — 4/0
by JOHN T. WAHLQUIST

A somewhat technical, workable plan for teacher training and growth, used extensively in the wards and stakes of the Church.

RICKS' READY REFERENCE — — — — — 4/0
by ELDIN RICKS

A concise, handy-size reference to the ancient and modern-day scriptures.

PRESIDENTS OF THE CHURCH — — — — — 15/0
by PRESTON NIBLEY

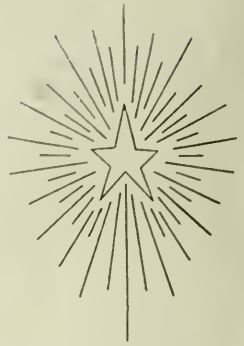
Small supply available of this book which provides an excellent word picture, garnered from authoritative sources, of the presidents of the Church.

The "Millennial Star" is published monthly in England by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Subscription rates: 7s. 6d. per year, 4s. per half year, 2s. per quarter. Single copies, 8d.

A Christmas Thought

By Gladys Quayle

God hung a star up in the sky
A lamp to guide the way,
And bearing gifts the wise men came
To where the Baby lay.



We cannot bring Him costly gifts
Nor see the stable bare;
But we can serve in countless ways,
And thus our love declare.

We can bring a broken heart,
A contrite spirit, too,
A willingness to live His laws
All evil to subdue.

1948 Christmas Poem Contest Winner.

